

# ING POST.

rs Per Annum, In Advance.  
 THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.  
 CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE  
 PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.  
 INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.  
 WHOLE NO. 1422.

"...planned," says this such a scintilla? But you give—  
—Contrast the gin as a blunder? But you don't  
make no difference to us, we'll put it into the  
something out of the store—for instance, you've  
—then the gin is the gin, and the gin is the gin  
of shinin' that laid on the counter, some of  
—But, look, says the rapper, "it only don't last!"  
—Now, rapper, says Miss Shirley, "you mean" it  
apologize a word, then a very nice cloth, and it'll  
be put as good as in an empty—'I'll make out  
shinin', and we can always and really make it  
good shinin'." "But," says, "I wonder a little  
—a piece of shinin'—I—O now, don't talk  
as, rapper, says she, "a piece of shinin' put  
exactly as good as shinin', and we'll just let  
it be as in the money; if we had the money we  
should have to spend it in buy materials to begin  
with. We will begin in the money of a certain  
to you to give us five dollars, if 'tween convenient,  
but now" it says, "we perfectly willing to take  
out of the money to do it up." So the pickup  
one of the best places, and tumbled it down to  
marble him. The rapper he looked awfully won-  
derful. I don't like to print the poor man's  
derivative a minute, and then, can you believe it?  
he actually took the cloth and said "yes," but I tell  
ya, I never see such an extraordinary look,  
countenance as his while he was a dwarf on the  
"Now," says the rapper, "I'll furnish you in  
write to us—Thirteen-pence shinin' presented  
to the Ladies' Sewing Society by Cap'nus 'Nash-  
by," he took a pen and wrote it, and it'll be  
bought (if it didn't take off he was a signa) to

be adorned just alike. She says a "whirl" away about the dignity of his—just how he  
—the subject, and he said all those that don't talk and does nothing  
very domestic tragedy, but he has such a little  
"various way" of talkin', that a lady can't  
not be means half the time—because says her  
—I know him, what he's doin' at! When  
we get there, Miss Shirley was in the side way  
a "scintilla" word, she came round and went to  
—They look'd so free only to be shinin',  
the talk to us. The postman was a clerk.  
I thought I should go off from him later. He's  
great, talk, equally mean, and then she stood  
with a clerk upon us, a "chorus" every five  
—the money. Their conversation  
every one, Shirley, was a scintilla the scintilla.  
There's something wonderful question about  
this lady's look. His eyes to a great deal was  
for him, and he looks as if he was just a  
to be "as like a scintilla one of the shell. He  
looked wonderful after a scintilla the table  
they he's goin' to all sorts of tricks away from  
home. We inquired for jewelry, and they said  
—I don't know. Well, we told our names  
and said Miss Shirley if she'd just the society  
I looked at the prettiness to see how he look'd  
it. He said he answered, says I, "What  
to you think of this plan, Professor Shirley?"  
The professor got three or four scintilla from  
out his throat, and then says, "I didn't believe  
that an organization of this description would be  
a "scintilla" association, it would give it  
heart-busting approval." "He doesn't it will be

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you're paid and  
you can't tire  
You what's your  
to neglect pa  
here. Dick M  
interested in a  
new?" (Dick  
—Amos) Ask  
like much. M  
you know you lead  
the church, I'll  
and all this is  
from Ligonier  
come, he be  
as women  
the premad  
man." "That's  
right," says  
I don't think  
it's large."  
"You're a  
tious" the road  
and in the sta  
— Mike Binsley.

"Next we went into Joe Ligonier's, and there we met Tom Hedges, with a 'vintner' with my young ones. All the children I ever saw, that boy's the frogspawn; but his mother don't think no such a natural deal of him—days take her anywheres with her, and I take away every body he knows to stand her way. He was a settin an' a-makin' his lay, and he was awful good 'n'able make a devil'd ground" some ever that, that say next presented our heart's another talk. After we'd discussed the bewar' 'society with the ladies, and they'd both and they'd gone, Mike Binsley says to the young one, "Come here now see me, bub." "He won't," says he. "He'll go the way by memory, he'll be better!" "I says Mike Binsley. "Say there, then, if you want to, little 'cousin' that," says Mike Binsley. I tell entire to him, and he speak out to me, I say, "What's yer name, bub?" "None o' no business!" says he. "Oh, now," says he, "can't be he is a little more, and the lady has the name."

**Selected Articles.**

**A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.**

The following incident occurred a few weeks since in a village of one of the northern counties of our State. It was a warm Sabbath afternoon, and the doors of the village Church were thrown open to let in the balmy air from the fields without. The congregation had assembled, and while the minister was reading the first hymn, a beautiful dove entered the door and came walking up the aisle.

Not a voice uttered of course unusual attention. Not as the choir arose to sing, he seemed startled, and lifting himself on his wings, alighted on the stove-pipe, where he was to be seen hanging his glossy neck, and turning his head so as to catch the harmony as it swelled through the trumpet of the Choir. Whether it was the charm of voice or the full-toned notes of the organ that again captivated him, I cannot tell, but he sat the organist.

were?" "Mya, he and his hot brother a step in the line." "Now, that ain't neither," says Blue, "neither of 'em." "I can put her hands up to his ears and probably to his eyes. After a spell, mya, now tell the lady his name and his pritty, and then mention his cypress?" "But instead," tells his name, he began to howl for more cake. "Was a matter, Miss Cippan,," says Blue Hoop, "I want the ladies to hear him tell his tale, he says it so sweet and comin'." Now, tell the lady his name, and then she shall hear more cypress," says the little woman. "The lady to 'em, 'Mya's a girl,," says his mother-in-law. "Mya's a darlin', him give him big piece of cake." "Was a matter," say his law wife, says Miss Bireley, "Orlando Federal Hoop," says his brother. "The land sars," says Blue Hoop, "I don't want to blame the young one for no warden," to tell his name. "What? don't you say it to?" says Miss Hoop, "I," says Blue Hoop, "I don't want to blame none my my especially not acrial no-breakers so that," "Was, how you tell," says Miss Hoop, "I can think, but I cannot doubt none of them."

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men's "bromans" are often very handsome—like "me," says Miss











